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HERMAN PETRAS
editor

J.A. NICE
assoc. editor

H.O. WARD
executive art director

JOE CONNOLLY
art director

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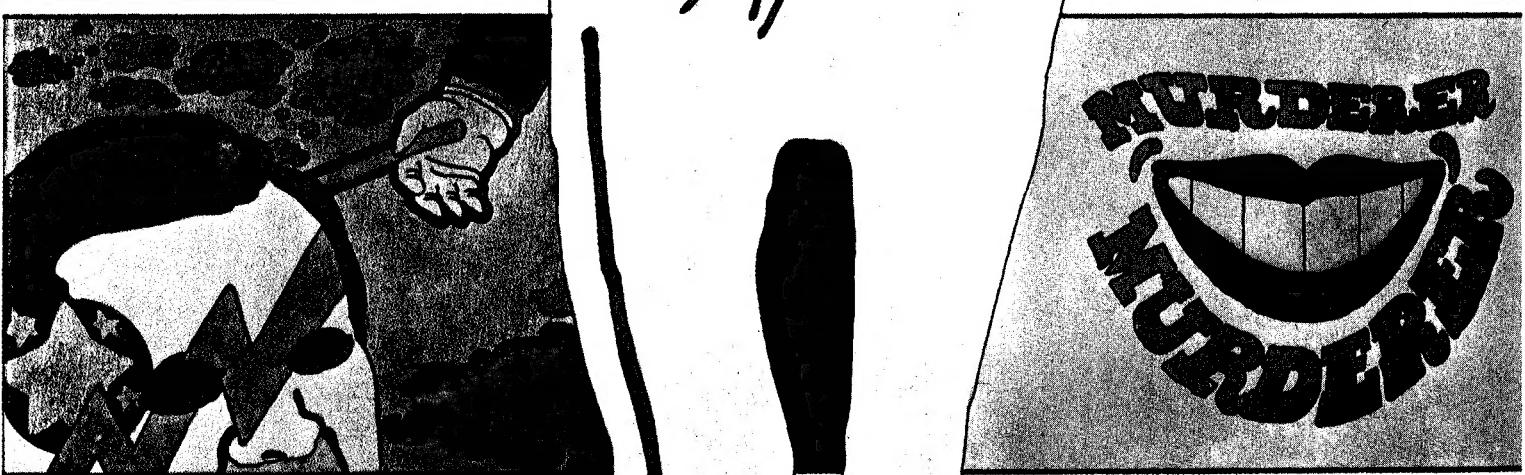
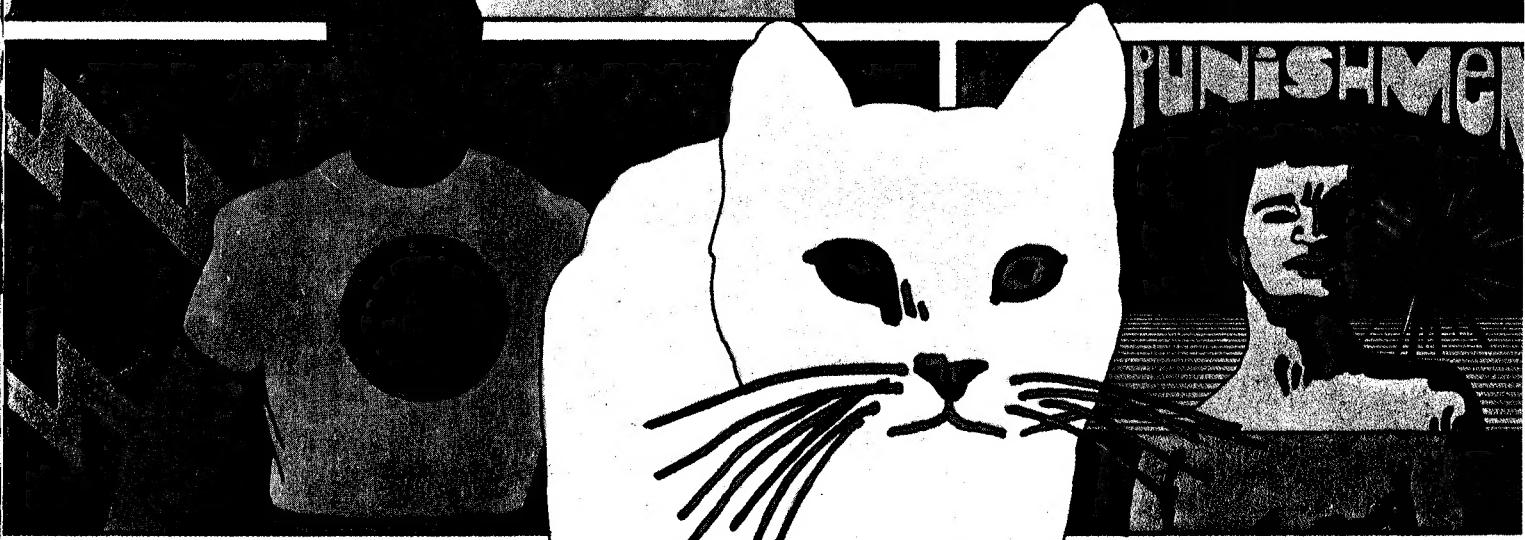
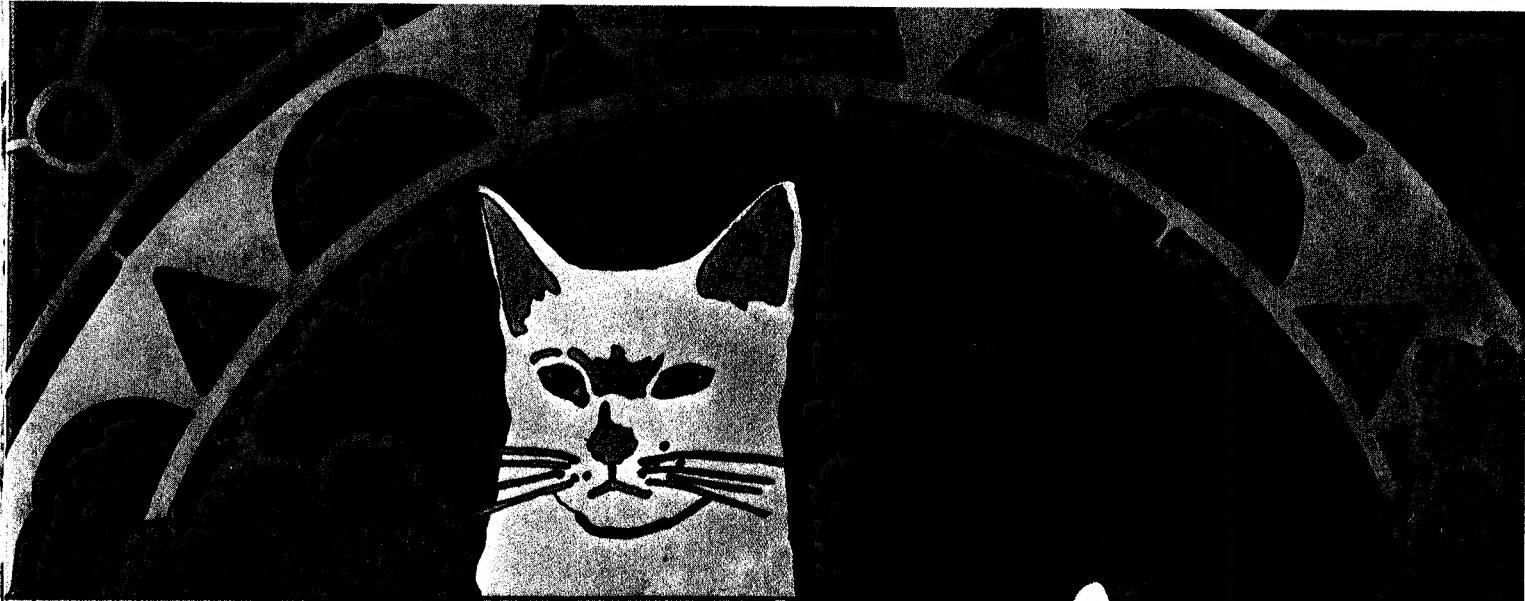
THE KILLER FROM EARTH

A strangely poetic justice where the victim decides what his murderer's punishment will be . . . and how it should be carried out!

BY JACK RITCHIE

□ "I suppose you're going to confiscate my belt and shoelaces?" Dawson asked. □ The question was rhetorical, since his space suit was equipped with neither a belt nor shoelaces. □ He glared. "Did the bastards leave?" □ "Yes," I said. "They left." □ Dawson and his two companions had been the first, and thus far, the only Earth people to reach our planet. We had allowed his fellow crewmen to leave on their schedule, but we retained Dawson. □ He was, after all, guilty of murder. □ Dawson regarded me with open hostility. "Just who the hell are you? A psychiatrist?" □ "A little of that too," I said. "I am here to answer any of your questions. And to listen." □ He sat down on the cot. After a few moments he looked up. "I suppose you have lawyers on this damn planet?" □ "Yes," I said. "But not criminal lawyers." □ He frowned. "Won't I have a trial?" □ I smiled. "We do not have such things as trials. You are either innocent or guilty. And you are guilty." □ His mouth twisted. "I'm being railroaded? Is that it?" □ It took me a moment to understand the meaning of 'railroaded.' During their eight-day stay on our planet, the three astronauts had not used the word as a verb. However by induction, I manufactured its meaning. Languages are not my strong point. It took me nearly two days to learn English. □ "No," I said. "You are not being railroaded. You yourself saw the projections." □ His eyes flickered. "What was that? A time machine?" □ "In a sense," I said. "You might call it a time camera. Every portion of our planet is available for a time review, if it is needed. And therefore you saw yourself killing Professor Dnajak." □ He became slightly aggressive. "On Earth something like that would be thrown out of court. We call it self-incrimination." □ I sighed. "As I said, we do not have trials. We do not regard reviving the past as self-incrimination. We regard it as history. And it is history that you murdered Professor Dnajak. We are interested in justice, Mr. Dawson, not sophistry. All that remains is your punishment." □ Now he licked his lips. "What is the penalty for murder?" □ "It varies considerably. Depending upon the circumstances." □ "What is it in my case?" □ "The matter is being reviewed by the Punishment Board." □ "The Punishment Board does the sentencing?" □ "No," I said. "It reviews the sentence." □ He did not understand. "Then who does the sentencing?" □ I smiled. "The victim." □ He stared at me. "The victim? How the hell can he do that when he's dead?" □ I conceded the point. "Obviously he can not when he is dead. However everyone on this planet—while he is alive—indicates for his records at Central Files what he wishes done to his murderer—in the admittedly rare event that such a thing should occur." I smiled again. "We feel that the *victim*, more than anyone else, has the right to determine the fate of his murderer." □ It took him a few moments to grasp that. "And the Punishment Board reviews the sentence?" □ I nodded. "While we grant the individual the basic right to sentence his murderer, there are still times when the state feels obligated to intervene. For instance, if the victim, perhaps in a frivolous mood, has indicated that he wishes his murderer to be confined for a period of ten days, the Board would feel obligated to step in. It might even sentence the murderer to death." □ His eyes narrowed. "On Earth we abolished the death penalty nearly sixty years ago." □ I sighed. From the information we had gathered from the minds of the three astronauts, we learned that Earth people still have the distressing habit of going from one extreme to the other. Either they impose the death penalty for the slightest infraction of the law—as in their early history—or, as at present, they refuse to impose it for even the most heinous of crimes. □ "What did the Professor decide he wants done to me?" □ "I'm sorry," I said. "But I am not at liberty to reveal that until the Board has passed on the matter." □ He laughed shortly. "Has anyone ever been boiled in oil?" □ I said nothing. □ He stared at me and then lay down on the cot, determined, evidently, to say no more. □ I waited. □ Earth people, when they are in the presence of another individual, seem strangely embarrassed by silence. □ After ten minutes, Dawson reluctantly resumed speech, but, in effect, he tried to tell me nothing. He spoke of trifles, or what he thought were trifles. He spoke of the weather, such as they have it on earth. Our climate is controlled. He mentioned that he enjoyed water skiing, disliked asparagus, and was allergic to cats. □ When I left him, I re-joined my assistant, Heelon, who had been monitoring our session. □ Heelon glanced at the analizer. "There's one thing wrong." □ "What's that?" □ "He said he was allergic to cats." □ "Well?" □ "He isn't." □ At the time we had taken Dawson into custody, we gave him the routine physical examination, including the allergy tests. □ I frowned. "Why would he say he's allergic to cats when he isn't? Is it possible that he just *thinks* he's allergic?" □ Heelon smiled. "If he thinks he's allergic, why does he think he's allergic? That's our problem to solve, if you think it's important." □ I shrugged and went on to the review room to witness once again the death of Professor Dnajak. □ I watched the projection area as it brought Professor Dnajak and his study into view. □ Professor Dnajak had been one of our leading scientific thinkers, doing significant work in a variety of fields, including gravity-mass ratios, black light geometrics, and the infinity of implosion. □ I saw Professor Dnajak alone in the relatively bare room. The professor's weapons, so to speak, were pencil and paper, chalk and greenboard. □ At this moment—one minute before his death—he stood in front of the greenboard, immobile, scowling intently at the formulations on its surface. □ The door behind him opened softly and Dawson came into view, a heavy metal rod in his hand. He wore gloves, a primitive precaution by which he expected to escape detection and exposure. □ He crept quietly to a position immediately behind the professor and he smiled as he raised the weapon. □ I closed my eyes before Dawson struck. There was no need to witness the actual gruesome deed again. I had done so in my official capacity often enough. □ When I re-opened my eyes, Professor Dnajak

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GRAPHOLOGY

(Continued from preceding page)

piness. This is a classic graphic expression of the old saying "act in haste, repent at leisure."

In spite of what appears on the outside Bert is not the kind of man who finds it easy making decisions. He has a tendency to put things off. On several occasions his *t-bars* do not cross the stem of the *t*. Notice the second *t* in "construction" in line two, the *t* in "might" in line seven. These are graphic indications of hesitation, recollection and an introversion that no one suspects Bert has. In order to keep serious decision-making at a minimum, Bert adopts a happy-go-lucky pose.

Bert is also quite sensual and a romantic at heart. Observe that many of his ending strokes seem to take off as the *r* in "Mr." and again in "Zimmer". He's quite sentimental. Bert likes a lot of variety in the sexual sphere as well. There are several figure eight formations in the lower loops of his *f's*. This is the graphic manifestation of an appreciation for sexual variety and experimentation. Any girl would find Bert a surprisingly tender and most adequate lover. His impulsivity would drive her to distraction but he should overcome this with a little more maturity.

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KILLER FROM EARTH

(Continued from page 40)

lay dead on the floor of his study.

Dawson stood over him a moment more and then pocketed the diamond on the professor's desk.

This was Dawson's motive for the killing.

Possession of the diamond.

It weighed some 1,200 carats and Professor Dnajak had used it as a paperweight.

We abandoned the manufacture of diamonds for industrial uses some five hundred years ago when we developed fully the cutting powers of light. And as far as utilizing them for jewelry is concerned, they were replaced even earlier by synthetics with far greater refractory powers.

In short, outside of the fact that occasionally some child will collect them, diamonds are obsolete and valueless on this planet. If Dawson had asked Professor Dnajak for the

stone, it would cheerfully have been given to him.

But Dawson did not ask. Perhaps he thought it the height of absurdity to simply ask for a 1,200 carat diamond.

He should have, however, been able to reason that if the stone were as valuable here as it is on Earth, it would not be used as a paperweight. But Earthmen cannot reason well when greed is a factor.

Now I watched as Dawson dragged the professor's body to a closet at the far end of the room. He returned to move a relaxer chair so that it covered the blood on the floor.

Evidently it had been Dawson's hope that Professor Dnajak's body would not be discovered until after the Earthship left our planet.

Dawson might have been successful in that had not Professor Dnajak been scheduled to deliver a lecture at the university within the hour. When he failed to make an appearance, a teaching assistant had been dispatched for him and he had discovered blood seeping from under the closet door.

The authorities, by means of the time review, were immediately able to determine what had happened and Dawson had been taken into custody at the Earthship's launching site two hours before the craft was scheduled to depart.

His companions quite loyally refused to believe that Dawson was capable of murder until we allowed them to see the time review.

In the light of Dawson's undeniable guilt, they had wisely decided to leave without him. Had they failed to leave as computered, they would have had to remain here more than seven years before our galaxies juxtaposed properly for a successful journey back to Earth.

When I left the reviewing room, Heelon handed me the communication from the Punishment Board.

I frowned as I read. "The Punishment Board approved Professor Dnajak's request. Frankly I hadn't expected that it would."

"Neither did I," Heelon confessed. "But you must remember that Dawson had the misfortune to murder one of our most eminent men and the Board is understandably angry."

I agreed. "I have the feeling that it also weighed the smile on Dawson's face when he struck Professor Dnajak."

Heelon sighed. "How are we going to carry out a sentence like that?"

"I don't know. At the moment, I haven't the faintest idea." I re-read the communication. "There's a time limit. We've got one week to pull it off. If we don't, I imagine the Board will probably commute Dawson's sentence to life imprisonment."

Heelon thought about that. "Maybe the Board approved Dnajak's wish in an emotional outrage against the senselessness of the crime, and then, in intellectual remorse, added the time limit in the secret hope that we won't be able to execute it?"

I smiled. "You're becoming quite a psychologist, Heelon. However I cannot read the minds or the emotions of the Board members. I must take their word that this is what they want and it is my duty to see that it is done."

The next morning when I entered Dawson's detention quarters, he was anxiously waiting.

"Well," he demanded. "What has the Board decided?"

I lied. "It hasn't passed on your case yet."

He took a deep breath and went back to his cot. He lay on his back and stared at the ceiling. "These punishments. Are some of them a little weird?"

"Yes," I said. "On occasion one could use that word."

I studied him as he lay there. There are only a few small physical differences between Earth people and those of us on this planet. Our skulls are, on the average, one and one half inches larger in circumference and we are somewhat less hairy.

There is also a close similarity between the other fauna and the flora on our two planets. This is not coincidence, it is simply a pattern of planet development under similar, and basically solar, conditions. We are aware of several other galaxies in which one can find parallel plant and animal evolution.

After a period of silence, Dawson spoke again. "So you still have murders on this planet?"

"Unfortunately, yes. Our genetic engineers are still working on the problem."

We have at least one hundred murders a year. Considering that our planet's population has been stabilized at two billion, we might, by Earth standards, consider that in-

significant. But we do not.

During the rest of my session with Dawson, I learned very little that I did not know before. As I was about to leave, I paused. "I've been thinking. Are you a bit lonely in here?"

"Lonely?"

"I was thinking in terms of a pet to help while away the hours. Goldfish? A parakeet?" I smiled. "I have it. My assistant's cat had kittens four weeks ago. They're really quite entertaining. I'll bring one the next time I see you."

His face perceptively whitened. "I don't want any damn cats!"

"It's just a kitten."

His voice rose. "I don't want any damn cats!" He controlled himself. "I'm allergic to cats."

I retained my smile. "We have a process which will rid you of your allergy in less than five minutes."

His voice rose again. "I told you I don't want any cats in here!"

I rejoined Heelon. "It's obvious that Dawson is afraid of cats. I'd like to find out why."

Heelon went to the control board and channeled some verilene gas into Dawson's quarters. The gas is odorless and invisible and causes a man to fall into a sleep-coma during which he may be questioned. It is impossible for him to lie or to evade. When the effect of the gas wear off, he remembers nothing of what transpired.

We used it extensively on all three of the astronauts. Reaching into the subliminal, we learned their language and an amount of the earth's history that the three men probably did not even realize they possessed.

I watched as Dawson yawned and lay down on his cot. In a matter of seconds he lapsed into the coma.

Heelon cleared the gas from the room and I re-entered to question Dawson.

I discovered that his fear of cats dated to early childhood. At the age of three, he had been petting a kitten when its mother mistook his action for aggression. She sprang at him. And as he fled, howling with terror, she had leapt upon his back, clinging to him until pulled off by his parents.

I rejoined Heelon. "I want you to take my place for the next two days. Tell Dawson I've been called away on other matters."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to be a bungler, Hee-

lon. I want you to accidentally reveal that the Board has passed on Dawson's case."

He frowned. "You want me to tell him what the punishment is going to be?"

"No. Don't tell him that much. But I also want it to slip out that the punishment will occur on midnight three days from now."

Heelon nodded. "Anything else?"

"Yes. I want you to offer him a kitten."

Heelon was puzzled. "But you've already done that."

"I know. But I want you to do it again. And when you speak to him, somehow always bring the conversation back to the subject of" I hesitated.

Heelon supplied the word. "Cats?"

"Yes."

He stared at me. "I don't like it."

My anger rose to the surface. "It really doesn't matter whether you do like it or you don't, Heelon."

He sighed. "Sometimes I wonder whether we're really as advanced as we think we are."

The next two days I sat at the monitor and watched and listened as Heelon did his job.

On the third day, I waited until seven in the evening before I went to see Dawson.

I smiled. "How have you been?"

Dawson had not eaten or slept in twenty-four hours. There was a wild craftiness in his eyes. "Has the Board made up its mind about my case yet?"

"No," I said. "Not yet."

He almost leaped at me. "You're a liar! Heelon told me it did!"

I frowned. "Heelon! What the devil was he doing in here? I gave strict orders that no one was to disturb you."

Dawson's voice rose demandingly. "What is the punishment going to be?"

"You will know when the time comes."

"I'm going to die! Isn't that right?"

After a few moments of silence, I nodded. "Yes. I can tell you that much."

His eyes burned with a growing fear. "I'm going to die. The only question is *how*?"

I said nothing.

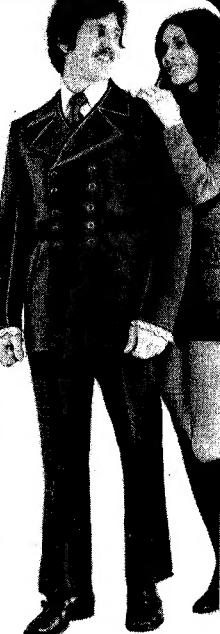
"And it's going to happen tonight, isn't it? At midnight?"

(Continued on next page)

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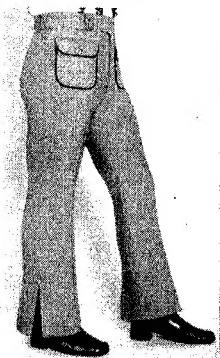


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KILLER FROM EARTH

(Continued from preceding page)

Again I said nothing.

Dawson took my arm. "Heelon asked me what I feared most in the world. In the universe!"

I tried to show caution. "Oh? And what did you tell him?"

"I didn't have to tell him anything! He *knew*. He *knew*." Dawson sweated profusely. "There won't be just one cat, will there? Not just one. Maybe there'll be a dozen. And all of them in this room . . . clawing and hissing and screaming . . ."

I glanced quickly at my timepiece. "I really can't stay this evening." Then I smiled. "Try to get some rest."

I let myself out of the room.

Heelon looked at me expectantly.

I took a deep breath. "There's no real reason why we must witness the . . ." I hesitated. "The original event. There's always the time review."

Heelon smiled tiredly. "I know. But I think one of us ought to stay. I'll let you know if anything happens."

Shortly after midnight, Heelon notified me of Dawson's death.

I rejoined Heelon in the monitoring room.

He was still shaken. "Dawson tore his bedsheet into strips and hanged himself at a quarter to midnight. He couldn't face what he thought was going to happen."

I picked up the folder on the desk and re-read Professor Dnajak's request.

I believe that every man's life is his most precious possession. I want my murderer to realize this fully.

I do not know how it will be done, or if it can be done, but I want him to take from himself what he has taken from me.

I want him to kill himself.

Heelon turned the time review back one half an hour and I sat down to witness the self-execution. ●

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 91)

must-see list.

Both Weston and Winters treat their way-out subjects with straight-from-the-shoulder frankness, editorially and photographically. When the action requires a graphic close-up of male and female genitals in various stages of sexual activity, the camera zooms right in and captures it without intrusion. The same for Weston's interviews; candid and forthright. ●

SEXUAL CROSSOVERS

(Continued from page 69)

extensive electrolysis for the removal of facial and chest hair. With each passing day Arnold felt more and more a woman.

Several weeks after the electrolysis Arnold went in for breast surgery. This was what they called "breast augmentation," a fancy phrase for giving him a nice pair of tits.

Finally, Arnold was ready for the last major step; castration and implementation of a vagina. The operation is a major one but doesn't present any real difficulty for surgeons. After castration, the doctors cut open a vaginal cavity. At this point Arnold became Anne, and as much a woman as is possible today. Anne was now capable of intercourse and *almost* every other womanly function.

There are those who would say that Anne is a female in every sense of the word. Unfortunately this is not quite true. At this time it is medically impossible to give Anne a uterus and ovaries. Anne cannot menstruate and she can never have children. Although she says that she has orgasms, this may be more psychological than physiological. But nevertheless, Anne gives testimony that she has never felt better in her life; "it feels so good to be a woman; it's like coming home after a long, strange journey."

The change from the transsexual female to the male is not as common as the other, and certainly more difficult. *Look Magazine* related a case in point.

C.K. was born a normal female, but throughout childhood and later life she insisted on being a boy. She gave herself a male name, flattened her breasts with tight bandages and lived as a man.

At 21 C.K. married a young, unknowing girl. For three years they lived together. C.K. never undressed in front of her, always wore t-shirts and avoided sex by feigning illness.

This incredible masquerade might have gone on forever except for the couple's constant quarrels. (No wonder!)

One day the police came because a neighbor complained of their awful noise. At the jail the police forced C.K. to disrobe and shower. What they saw stunned them. And what they found in C.K.'s pocket shocked

them—a fake penis, made of a sock stuffed with paper. Pathetically, C.K. explained, "I'm a man, I need one and I didn't have one. That thing made me feel like a man."

Surgery for those like C.K. is indeed difficult. Doctors can get rid of unwanted breasts, ovaries, the uterus and vagina; they can even construct a reasonable looking penis made from rib cartilage or plastic. But, alas—it works not.

An interesting point concerning C.K. and Anne: one of the most obvious signs denoting their desire to be the opposite sex is their intrigue or need for clothes of that sex. Even at an early age the one way Anne and C.K. could demonstrate that they were unhappy as man and woman, respectively, was to put on the clothes of the other gender. Anne (Arnold) felt a deep urge to wear dresses, panties and even a bra. C.K. felt like a sissy in female clothes and wanted to show virility by putting on jeans, over-shoes and a t-shirt.

Certainly clothes are not the problem or even the cause of one, but they are usually the first sign that something needs changing. Clothes are the first step in the fulfillment of their wish to be a member of the opposite sex.

Today there are thousands of homosexuals, transvestites, and transsexuals (some estimates put it at 10-20 thousand) in this country who are really heterosexuals incognito. Many of them have an entire secret wardrobe. Some transvestites will assume two names. For example, at the office they are hard working bread-winners, but at home, they become ladies of fashion who adorn themselves with fine clothes, fripperies and plenty of mirrors to catch every angle. One such individual was discovered with hundreds of pairs of shoes, dozens of wigs, robes of all shades, panties, stockings and bras all over the place. With each pay check he would buy more and more.

A major difficulty for those with the opposite sex inclination is the law. In most parts of the world it is illegal to assume the identity of another sex, let alone change to it. Those who cross-dress in public are often harassed by cops. The reason, as the police give it, is that they may be hiding their identity because of an unlawful act. And there are many guys who do just that. They play what's called the "Murphy Game," in which the